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Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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Mysteries.

"It might have been." We say it oft,
With aching heart, with streaming eyes;
We grope with eager, outstretched hands
After another's slighted prize.

We call a life a wasted life.
O mourning souls! be not too sure.
Out of great darkness may come light,
And, after evil, hearts grow pure.

God only knows. We leave to Him
The things that are not what we would,
And trust that in His own good time
He will do that which He sees good.

His will be done. The quivering lips
Must say it, though with bitter tears.
His will! It is enough, enough
To hush our murmurs, soothe our fears.

He overrules all pain and sin,
Makes dire disgrace work out His word.
Poor souls, bow down before His might
And trust all myst'ries with the Lord.

—*Catholic World.*

Poisons.

In the present essay, but two substances which may be classed under the name of poisons will be treated of. One is what is commonly known as arsenic, called by some white arsenic, and by chemists arsenous acid. The other is clay or earth.

It is surprising, and hardly credible at first, the passion for clay-eating or earth-eating exhibited by some savage tribes. To an European or American, with their habits and constitutions, the eating of clay would prove if not poisonous at least very injurious to health. Yet the natives of Guiana have long been known to eat a yellowish dish, called by them caouac. In some countries this practice becomes as great, and as much a necessity of life, as does the eating of the coca to the Peruvian, or of opium to the Theriaki, and it can be broken off by no punishment. When the slaves were brought from Guiana to the West Indies, they attempted to provide a substitute for it, but the earth they used injured their health, and therefore it has long been forbidden. In Eastern Asia similar practices prevail. Labillardiere states that between the Sourabaya and Samarang, in the island of Java, small reddish cakes of earth are sold to the natives for the purpose of being eaten. Hooker says that in Rungeet valley, in the Sikkim Himalaya, a red clay is chewed as a cure for the goitre by the natives.

In the northern part of Sweden it is said that a species of earth, known as bread-meal, is yearly consumed by cart-loads; and in Finland a similar earth is mixed with the bread. This earth consisted of minute shells of infusorial animalcules, in which no nourishments can be found. In north Germany, in times of famine and necessity, mountain meal, a similar substance, has been used to stay hunger. On the banks of the Orinoco, and in the mountains of Bolivia and Peru, the eating of clay also prevails. Humboldt, in his account of the Indians of the Orinoco, says of the Otomacs that they collect their clay on the banks of the Orinoco and Meta and pile the round balls of it, which are from four to six inches in diameter, in their huts for the rainy season. A monk, by name Ramon Bueno, who had lived among them for twelve years, informed Humboldt that an Indian will consume from three-quarters of a pound to a pound and a quarter of this food daily. Dr. Weddell, describing the various articles exposed in La-Fay in Bolivia, mentions a kind of grey-colored clay, called pahsa. The Indians make with it a species of gruel or soup, and season it with salt. He also informs us that a species of clay, known as chaco, is made into small pots, and eaten like chocolate.

Thus we have seen this practice on the coast of Africa, in India, in the East and West Indies, in Bolivia, on the Orinoco, and even in Sweden and Germany. We know of this clay and earth used that "it stays and allays hunger in some unknown way, stilling probably the pain and cravings to which hunger gives rise. It enables the body to be sustained in comparative strength with smaller supplies of food than are usually necessary, and it can be eaten in moderate quantities even for a length of time without any sensible evil consequences. A fondness even is often acquired for it, so that it comes at last to be regarded and eaten as a dainty."

We now come to the second substance, arsenic. Arsenic, when taken in large doses, is an irritant poison; in minute doses it is at times administered as a tonic and alterative. It is sometimes also used in cutaneous diseases, owing to the peculiar influence it exerts on the skin. But in Lower Austria, and in Syria, there prevails a curious custom of eating arsenic. When smelting lead, copper, and other ores, fumes of white arsenic fly off, and condense in the chimneys of the smelting furnaces. Thus the arsenic is obtained and sold by itinerant pedlers, under the name of Hidri. By many, arsenic is swallowed daily throughout a long life, and the custom is handed down from father to son.

Arsenic is used for two purposes—"To give plumpness to the figure, clearness and softness to the skin, and beauty and freshness to the complexion. Secondly, to improve the breathing and give longness of wind, so that steep and

continuous heights may be climbed without difficulty and exhaustion of breath." Those effects are said to be produced by the continuous use of arsenic by men or by animals. It is used by young persons of both sexes in order to improve their good looks. When taken for the second purpose, a small piece is placed in the month, and allowed to dissolve, which it does slowly. The effect is astonishing, persons surmounting heights without the least difficulty of breathing. In the beginning, the dose of arsenic never exceeds a half grain. It is taken two or three times a week in the morning when fasting, until the patient is accustomed to the practice. The dose is then cautiously increased.

Not the slightest symptom of illness or of chronic poisoning is observable in the arsenic-eaters, when the dose is adapted to the constitution and habit of the one using it. But if, through any oversight or lack of material, arsenic be left off, symptoms occur similar to slight arsenical poisoning. It is not like in the case of opium and hemp, a feeling of plenum, but a fear of pain, that compels the continuance of the practice. So that when used, arsenic becomes a necessity of life. The effect on animals is the same as that on men.

Though arsenic differs in its nature from the narcotics, yet its effects resemble theirs. It resembles coca in lessening the craving for food; in feeding or fattening the body; and in imparting the power of climbing high and steep hills without breathlessness; and it resembles opium in creating a diseased and uncomfortable state of the body when its use is interrupted, thus becoming a necessity of life. Its well-known effect on the skin is the cause of the improved appearance in the human complexion. It probably lessens the waste of the body, and especially the quantity of carbonic acid discharged from the lungs, thereby causing less oxygen to be required, and consequently less difficulty in breathing, which would be most readily perceived in climbing hills; and causing the fat of food, which otherwise would be given off as carbonic acid, to be stored in the cellular tissue, and thus causes the plumpness of the figure. But how it could decrease the quantity of carbonic acid expelled cannot be explained, and will doubtless always remain one of those many mysteries we see about us in the animal and vegetable life.

J. M. N.

Not Insincere.

We have heard it remarked that Catholics, as a general thing, deny assertions made against the Church, without proving that the assertions are false; and those who made the remark insinuated or flatly affirmed that such a course on the part of Catholics showed insincerity, or inability to show that the assertions were false.

Now the assertions made against the Church are concerning either facts or the doctrine of the Church.

When they are concerning facts, either historical or relating to the customs and practices of the Church, Catholics are never backward in bringing forward arguments from history or from the testimony of contemporary authority to prove their position. It is true that, as the great majority of non-Catholics confine their reading to such historians and romancers as Gibbon and Macauley and other professed enemies of Catholicity, they are biased in their ideas whenever any reference is made to the Church; and it is further true that when Catholic, or *impartial* non-Catholic testimony is put within their reach, they refuse

to acknowledge it, and, in some cases, even refuse to read it.

The insinuation that Catholics are insincere comes with very bad grace from such persons, and with still worse from those whom we shall soon mention.

There are certain historical battle-fields upon which Catholic and non-Catholic writers, controversialists and historians, have fought with each other time and time again. Sometimes they disagree about the facts themselves; for instance, the *number* of martyrs who suffered in the persecutions which the Roman Emperors carried on against the Catholic Church in the first centuries of her existence. Gibbon puts the number much smaller than do Catholic historians. At other times they agree in the main as to the events, but differ when attributing the causes that brought them about. The massacre of St. Bartholomew, the revocation of the edict of Nantes, the institution of the Inquisition, and other matters of history, are viewed in a different light by Catholics and non-Catholics. The latter invariably disregard the time in which the events happened, the customs of the people at the time, and attribute whatever there is of crime in the event to the Catholic Church, and make the Church responsible for the acts of all Catholics, even when the Catholics, led by political ambition or swayed by passions condemned by the Church, acted in direct opposition to her teachings. Catholic historians, on the contrary, and Catholic writers in general, when treating of these events, take into consideration the time in which they happen, the manners of the people, the degree of civilization which, through the influence of the Church upon them, they had attained; they attribute the crimes committed, whether by Catholics or Protestants, to their proper cause; and particularly in the case of nations just emerging from barbarism, through the civilizing influence of the Church, they show that the crimes were committed by Catholics who did not act in accordance with the known teachings of the Catholic Church at the time; that the causes of the crimes were the unlawful political ambition of princes, or the excited passions of individuals, and that the causes of these crimes as well as the crimes themselves were condemned by the Church.

Now all this has been written over and over again by Catholic historians; they have not only vindicated the Catholic Church from the false aspersions of its enemies, but have shown in a clear light the influence of the Church on all nations that have professed Catholicity—and have shown it particularly in the advance made in civilization by the hordes of barbarians who overran the old Roman Empire, and who in the fifteenth century formed the nations of Europe, the most enlightened nations of the earth.

When a Catholic sees a misstatement concerning some event of history, relative to the Church, he may, through charity for the one who made the misstatement, or for those who read it, enter into all the details already given by trustworthy historians and not only deny the misstatement but also *prove* it to be false. But if the Catholic considers the influence of the one who made the misstatement as insignificant, that it can make but a slight impression on those who read it, he cannot be judged insincere or unable to disprove the misstatement for simply denying it without repeating proofs which the author of the misstatement, and all who read it, if they be honest and sincere themselves, may find in books easily attainable.

In reference to doctrine. Catholics frequently limit themselves to denying that certain doctrines are doctrines of the Church. Many Protestants are reckless in attribut-

ing their own ignorant guesses at Catholic doctrine to the Catholic Church and to Catholics. Men who have never opened a Catholic book, but who have read, perhaps, some of the raw-head-and-bloody-bones books written against Popery—will coolly maintain that the Catholic Church teaches many things which Catholics know she does not teach. If a Catholic, hearing or reading such false statements of doctrine, thinks it would be of some avail not only to deny it but also explain the real doctrine of the Church, he would be doing a good work, no doubt. But he could not be considered insincere, or unable to *prove* that such was not the doctrine of the Church, merely because he limited himself to denying it. In the first place his mere denial is enough, because he knows what the doctrines of his Church are better than an outsider. Secondly, experience has taught him that his Protestant friends are so deeply prejudiced that they will not listen to a Catholic stating what his faith is; that in spite of all proof they will maintain that they know better than he; and frequently they bring forward the same charge of insincerity when, the true doctrine having been explained to them, they would have nothing to say against it, and would be obliged in conscience to believe it and join the Catholic Church themselves, if they admitted that the Church taught as the Catholic said it did. Thirdly, Catholics in most cases do their duty fully by merely denying the burlesque doctrines which non-Catholics attribute to the Church to be true. For if non-Catholics wished to know, or cared to know, the true doctrine of the Church, they would read Catholic books. There is no lack of books in which the faith of Catholics is contained.

In writing this we have had in our eye those non-Catholics who directly or by implication accuse Catholics of insincerity. It is they who show themselves insincere, by refusing to read Catholic works in which Catholic doctrine is truly stated. There are other non-Catholics who prove themselves sincere by reading Catholic books when they want to know what the Church teaches, just as they would read the Constitution and Statutes of Pennsylvania, and not those of Louisiana, if they wanted to know the laws of the Keystone State. Any such non-Catholic has never had reason to accuse Catholics of backwardness in explaining the Catholic faith, if, when meeting with some difficulty, he asked an explanation, or understanding the true doctrine and not convinced of its truth, he asked the proofs which could be brought forward to show its truth.

Before closing we wish to make a remark and ask a question. We are roundly rated, on the one hand, by some because, say they, we merely deny statements made against the Church, without trying to prove them false. On the other hand, we are severely lectured, sometimes by the very same persons because, say they, we are too zealous, we try to induce persons to become Catholics. How do you reconcile the two charges?

Bards.

The word bard is of uncertain etymology, but is applied to those poets of the Celtic tribes who on the field of battle raised the war-cry and urged the soldiers on to combat, and in peace sang the deeds of their heroes, celebrated the praises of their gods, and chronicled the history of their nation. It seems that at one time they were spread over the greater part of Western Europe, the heralds, the priests and lawgivers of the free barbarians who first inhabited

the ancient forests until by the gradual spread of civilization and tyranny they were forced into the recesses of Wales, Ireland and Scotland. Now in those lands the last echoes of their harps have died away. Of their early history we are uncertain. We are told by Diodorus that the Celts had bards who sang to musical instruments; and we have the testimony of Strabo that by their people they were treated with the highest respect and veneration. The Welsh bards of whom anything certain is known were Taliesin, Aneurin and Llywarch, who lived in the sixth century. Some remains of their songs are extant, but their language is but little understood. From the day when dwelt these monarchs of the bards we have nothing further of those who lived in Wales till the middle of the tenth century, when under the auspices of Howel Dhu the reputation of the order was greatly increased.

A code of laws was framed by Howel Dhu by which their duties were regulated and their privileges were fixed. Three classes were formed, each with a fixed allowance; degrees of rank were established and contests for prizes instituted. Not unfrequently their order was honored by the admission of princes, among whom were Llewellyn, the last monarch of Wales. The Welsh were fondly attached to their Celtic manners. They had long been kept in awe by Roman power and harassed by the Saxon, and these two facts, together with their jealousy of encroachments by aliens, served to make this attachment still stronger. Attacked as they frequently were by the Anglo-Saxon and Norman conquerors, they were inspired with a proud and obstinate determination to maintain a national distinction and preserve their ancient usages, among which the bardic influence was so eminent. They were sensible of the influence of their traditional poetry in keeping alive the ideas of military valor and their ancient bravery. But of this Edward I was also aware, and therefore he determined to crush it out. He is said to have collected all the Welsh bards and caused them to be hanged as stirrers up of sedition. It was on this incident that Gray's well-known poem entitled "The Bard" is founded. However we find that after this bloody execution is said to have taken place the order still existed, but no longer the martial singers they had been, but the humble compilers of private genealogies.

Of the music and measure of the Welsh bards but little is known; their psalmody depended, however, chiefly on alliteration, and their instruments were the harp and the pipe. In late years attempts have been made in Wales for the revival of bardism, and the Cambrian Society was formed in 1818 for the preservation of this ancient literature and for the encouragement of the national muse.

The bardic institution among the Irish bore a strong affinity to that of the Welsh. The genealogical songs of the Irish bards are the principal foundations of the ancient history of Ireland. Their songs are strongly marked with the traces of Scaldic imagination, which still appears among the more modern poetical historians, supposed to be the descendants of the bards. Like the Welsh bards, the Irish were also persecuted by the English and were extirpated.

—A Cincinnatian, who had purchased an oil painting at a private sale, called in an artist to consult him as to how he should hang it. The artist looked at it long and curiously, and then said: "I wouldn't hang it, if I were you." "Wouldn't hang it! Why not?" Because the sentiment of the age is rather against capital punishment. I would commute its sentence to solitary imprisonment for life."

Frederick Fuerich.

By the death of Frederick Fuerich, which occurred on the 13th of March last, Ecclesiastical Art lost one of its most zealous sons, and Art in general one of its most versatile disciples.

Fuerich was born at Kratzau, in Bohemia, on the 19th day of February, 1800. He made his Art-studies first at Prague, but afterwards removed to Rome. There, in the Eternal City, he laid the foundation of his future fame by a series of fresco paintings in the Villa Massimi, representing scenes from the "Jerusalem Delivered." These excellent paintings are of great value, and with the works of Overbeck, Kaulbach, and others, begin the history of modern German art. In these men the art of painting began to display a more profound richness of ideas and severity of form than had hitherto been characteristic of German art. Having put the finishing touches to his works in Rome, Fuerich was called to Vienna, where he received the appointment of Professor in the Academy of Art. In this city he had ample opportunities to give full scope to his productive talents and genius. His ability to represent character was both manifold and sublime, while his power of invention in composing scenes was wonderful. In the composition of the scenes depicted by his brush there is nothing of the medieval purposely imitated; but while his figures are taken from real life, they are simplicity itself and bear the stamp of his original genius.

Among the most celebrated of his works are "The Jews Mourning by the Rivers of Babylon," "Christ Ascending Mt. Olivet," "The Entry into Jerusalem," "Christ Walking on the Waters," "Moses receiving the Tables of the Law," the fresco paintings in the Church of St. John Nepomucene, and those in the Church of Altlerchenfeldt, in Vienna. Among his many pencil-drawings, crayons and *aquarelles* are his delineations of the "Our Father" in nine parts, and the "Triumph of Christ" in eleven designs.

Fuerich had no care for other Art than that which took root in the soil of the Catholic Church, and in his practical life he humbly submitted, as a faithful Christian, to that which it was his love to glorify with his pencil. His great genius, his childlike but energetic practical faith and firm adherence to the Church, the protector of true Art, challenge our admiration of the Christian artist and the noble man.

The Study of Natural History.

It is generally known with what brilliancy of color some classical writers like to depict the scientist. Their fancy conjures up a careless, ragged-looking, and idiotic specimen of the genus homo, who wanders around, losing his time in examining trifles, or it may be poking into every heap of mire and muck to find something for his study. Now, such writers, unless blinded by prejudice or excused by invincible ignorance, deserve the contempt of all persons of judgment. In the eyes of God, there is nothing trifling or insignificant; for He made all, from the little blade of grass that grows on the wayside to the great oak; from the little worm that crawls in the dust to the majestic lion roaming the jungles of Africa. Now when the scientist devotes a portion of his time to the consideration of created essences, including even what to man is apparently insignificant, he cannot be despised for this, but on the contrary should rather be encouraged; for he is engaged in a noble work,

one that brings to light the infinite wisdom of the Almighty in the apparently insignificant creatures by which we are surrounded. If an author writes a book, an insignificant one it may appear to many, still if his book is welcomed and appreciated by some, and is carefully studied, the author feels himself even more honored by this, because to many the book appears insignificant. Therefore I see no reason why classicists should invariably reproach men engaged in scientific research as being engaged in a business that is unworthy their time and attention. Ask one of those carpers what are his views of Nature, with all its majestic beauty and richness of variety, while walking the halls of its temple, or rambling among the beautiful flower-beds that delight the vision, or amid the autumnal forest scenery, which displays such variety and splendor that the wildest fancy could scarcely surpass it. Ask him what impressions he receives while taking his morning walk some, beautiful day in spring, as the sun rises from his fiery bed at the verge of the horizon, and the birds are trilling their morning praise to their Creator. Ask him when he descends to take up one of the beautiful specimens of Mother Flora, whether he understands, whether he even notices, the individual and relative beauties of these wonders of nature? Ask him what he knows of yonder towering rocks?—what inferences can be drawn from them? whether he understands the language of those rocks? They speak to him, in their mute but eloquent language, but, never having studied this language, he knows not what they say. Each rock, and stone, and pebble tells him its age, its formation, its history, and with these the history of the earth on which we live, and move; but this learned specimen of humanity understands it not; while he thought he knew all the languages of antiquity, there is still one he does not understand, and this is the language of Nature with its mysterious word-signs. But the scientist reads from the open book that lies before him; to him every character is legible, whether he moves through the animal, the vegetable or the mineral kingdom he understands what he sees; he moves not in darkness; he sees good in everything. Is, then, the study of Nature ignoble, devoid of advantage?

Innumerable are the benefits bestowed by God in creating this so vast a field of study. And why should man remain cold and indifferent to all these benefits? Should man, the crown of all the Creator's works, instead of trying to understand the minor works of creation and praising the Creator in them, and loving Him for their manifold beauties and usefulness, show himself so ungrateful as entirely to ignore them? Ah, no. In contemplating the wonders of Nature we are instinctively drawn closer to the Creator, to the Fountain of infinite wisdom and love. The atheist may cry out "There is no God!" but the true naturalist will say, with Holy Writ, "'The fool says in his heart, there is no God,' but there is a God! We can see Him, and know Him, in His stupendous works. If a clock tells us that there *must* have been a clockmaker, and a palatial building reminds us of its architect, how much more must the sight of this vast globe, with all its productions, animal, mineral and vegetable, and the still vaster planetary system, of which the earth is but an infinitesimal part, cause us to bow in adoration before the mighty Author of all these wonders, and exclaim with the Royal Prophet: The heavens show forth the glory of God, and the firmament declareth the works of His hand! (Ps. xviii.)

The study of Nature tends to raise man from the dark-

ness of superstition; for here he learns the causes of the different phenomena which before were a mystery to him. Thus is the intellect sharpened by applying our mental faculties to the different forms, causes, varieties, functions of the organs, and history of the various works of creation. If the study of nature has such an influence on mind and soul, if it is so attractive by variety of subject, if it furnishes so great a field for study and entertainment, and even of practical utility, who, I ask again, should remain cold and indifferent, and stride through its magnificent halls without paying attention to its beauties? Should it not rather be a sacred duty with us to examine and understand these beauties, as well as to learn to appreciate them more and more by a close study of natural history?

On looking around us we are astonished at the immensity of the number of animals, plants and minerals, with their innumerable shapes, varieties and forms. Consider the insects, which are all made on the same plan. There are now known at least 200,000 species, and yet there is not one exactly similar to another. This terraqueous globe we inhabit, two-thirds of which is covered with water, feeds not less than 250,000 species of animals, of which 2,000 are mammals, 6,000 birds, 2,000 reptiles, and 8 or 10,000 fishes; of mollusks probably more than 15,000; articulates 100,000, and radiates about 10,000. By means of a lens we can see thousands of organized animals dwelling upon a single grain of sand, that the air is entirely filled with living creatures, and that in every breath we draw we inhale thousands. Every drop of water is an inhabited world, and every leaf a colony of insects. But of these their entire number and species are known to God alone, who has called them by their names, and whose power is strikingly exemplified in the multitude of constituent parts that go to form one of these extremely diminutive creatures. Unless experiments had verified it as a fact, we could scarcely believe that animals a thousand times less than a grain of sand have organs adapted for nutrition and generation.

Of all this multiplicity of the animal creation there is not one that does not uniformly obey the designs of the Creator, except man. Man, ungrateful man, the favorite work and masterpiece of God, highly gifted and endowed as he has been by the Cause of his being, alone refuses to fulfil the ends of his creation.

A. M. K.

A Few Thoughts on Reading and Books.

Reading is unquestionably one of the most fruitful sources of amusement and instruction, provided that what we read is always good and well-selected. The perusal of a single book may do a great deal towards forming the character of a young person. Hence the necessity of exercising care and judgment in the selection of what we are to read. How many there are who have lost virtue and innocence in the marl-pit of a polluting literature! Yes, the ruin of many noble souls and great minds may be attributed to the baneful effects of what they had read. The works of Voltaire alone have led thousands into the endless mazes of infidelity,—aye, have corrupted a nation.

The press is the great instrument of good, as well as a powerful engine of hell; and its influence, whether beneficial or injurious, is exerted over the whole civilized world.

In our age more especially, there is no lack of all kinds of reading: books to instruct, books to amuse, books to benefit, books to corrupt.

To choose from this mass such books as are profitable requires no little experience. One cannot have a better companion than a good book; and if it were not for those silent friends, which it is in every one's power to possess, the world would even be more wicked than it is. Choose your books, then, as you would your friends, because one is always known by the society which he cultivates. It has been truly said that we may have a better knowledge of a man by a glance at his library than by a year's acquaintance. When a person tells you that "he takes *nary* a periodik," you know at once how much his comments on the news of the day would be worth.

A young man once asked a celebrated writer what he should read. "Begin," was the reply, "with standard authors and end with them." Never read a work you know nothing about, unless the author is one of established reputation; if the book is really worth reading, it will soon make itself known to you. Don't be deceived by flaming advertisements, or by flattering notices of reviews and newspapers, which are often written by authors and publishers to make trashy publications sell well. A novel entitled "Griffith Gaunt," published a few years ago, was so thoroughly advertised and so extensively puffed, that the sale was almost unprecedented, and attracted more notice than would be given to a translation of the Talmud. Never be decoyed by pretty covers or high-sounding names. "Herman: or Young Knighthood," was the rather attractive title of a very stupid book.

The mere reading for amusement is the custom of indolent and light-headed people; a book from which there is nothing to learn is useless, if not bad. Novels and romances, it cannot be denied, are the most numerous of this class, because they are for the most part carelessly written, often with no other aim than to make money, or for the sake of notoriety. The reputation of a novel-writer, if he has no other, is one that no sensible person would envy. In a novel written, strange to say, by an American, we are told about the cotton-fields of Massachusetts; and from another, by an English author of some celebrity, we get the startling information that monkeys abound in Illinois, and that a pleasure-party sailing down the Mississippi River had a charming view of the Rocky Mountains. If young people were to confine their reading to such books as these, surely their stock of general information would not be much increased.

We are not of the number of those good folk, more precise than wise, who condemn novel-reading as a heinous crime; we should not forget that the term *novel* is indifferently applied to a great variety of good books, for want of a better name.

It is really too bad to be obliged to class such writers as Dumas, and a host of others, with the honored names of Thackeray and Hawthorne; to mention "Waverly" in connection with "A Dark Night's Work" is an insult to the memory of a great author. Some one who enjoys that rare privilege of coining words should invent one that we can apply to these paper-destroying, ink-wasting, day-dreaming novelists. Bad poets we can name versifiers, poetasters, rhymesters, or makers of rhymes, if they deserve such epithets; but the bad novel-writers have no name, though their number is legion. We do not mean to infer that novels of any stamp may be read continually without injury; the best sometimes present false views of human nature, and are often too ridiculous to be possible; the moral tone is usually good; and right generally—almost

invariably—triumphs over wrong, but in real life it is not always the case. The trouble is, novel-reading easily becomes a habit; and when it does, it gives a distaste for all serious reading; and again, it is a great waste of time. A person who reads Dickens constantly will never be able to appreciate Macauley or Ruskin; and the class of persons, that read Marryatt and Cooper don't trouble such authors as Irving or Parkman.

An occasional novel may be read by way of relaxation, but it should always be one by a standard novelist, in order that we may improve our style or derive some other advantage at the same time.

One more remark and we are through with novels, novel-readers and novel-writers.

Dime-novel reading is simply preposterous, and the persons who read such trash are truly to be pitied; but if they would return to the pleasant paths of *literature*, let them take a week's rest from all reading, meditating meanwhile on "the last four things to be remembered," and make a generous resolution never to touch another "Dime." And by the blessing of Providence and careful training, they may be able, in course of time, to appreciate something better.

The great fault of most people is that they read too much and too confusedly, forgetting that digestion requires time. The man who has read most is not always the wisest; and often the most superficial scholars are those who have studied, or rather skimmed over, the greatest number of books. We once knew a young man who had read Prescott entire, but, as he himself confessed, Montezuma, Cortes, Pizarro, Ferdinand, Charles V and Queen Isabella were all so mingled together in his mind that he was unable to individualize the actions of each. In reading, like anything else, it is necessary to have order; if not, it is impossible to remember what we have read.

We respect "the man of one book," but only if the book is a good one. As far as our experience goes, however, the one-book man is a great bore; he is forever quoting from his *favorite author*; he can talk of no other; if you go to visit him, he invites you to listen to a *short passage* he would read for you. Respect, but be careful to let alone this strange man.

There is a large class of books which might be called classical tales, such as Elizabeth Rasselas, Paul and Virginia, The Arabian Nights, etc., etc., which every young person should be ashamed not to have read. Think of a boy attaining the age of eighteen years without having read Robinson Crusoe, that *liber librorum* of boys' books!

As for poetry, it is sure that there are more who read than are able to appreciate it,—more who try to write poems than succeed even partially.

It is a strange fact that nearly everyone, nowadays, seems to be under the impression that he was born a poet, and this accounts for the almost innumerable volumes of poetical works issued every year. It is a pleasure, however, to be able to state that the number of abortive attempts at writing poems, according to good literary authority, was smaller last year than the year before, if we judge from the number published in book-form. After one has read all the standard poets he may safely dispense with the rest; not that we should act on the supposition that there are to be no more poets; the world may still produce another Milton; the name of Morris may yet out-rival that of Spenser.

The Americans are peculiarly a literary people. It is

our pride to number among our authors those whom the whole world admires. The names of Longfellow, Irving and Prescott are household words in countries besides our own. Our libraries are numerous and extensive, rich in all departments of literature. Let it ever be our aim to preserve our high reputation as an intellectual people—our highest honor, our greatest fame.

E.

Stepping-Stones.

To cross a small stream, persons carefully put down stepping-stones, that they may go from one side to the other. So through our life we are ever in need of stepping-stones. When we are young, we need helping hands to show us how to walk. To learn to read, we must first know the Alphabet. The greatest mathematician that ever was had to learn how much two and two are. Addition is called the mathematician's first stepping-stone. When we are learning to write, we must first learn to hold the pen correctly; afterwards we make straight lines, then pot-hooks-and-hangers. When you leave school, you become as it were a traveller in the world, having a series of stepping-stones to honor and fame, perhaps to lose both of them. The position of an humble clerk in a store might prove to be the stepping-stone to the place of the future merchant. Every little event that happens in our schooldays may prove a stepping-stone to our future greatness.

Some of us have to trust to many stepping-stones. We should take warning, and beware upon what stones we step while on our journey across the stream of life. A false step may lead to burglary or forgery. One single game of cards may prove to be the stepping-stone to a gambler's life. One social glass of wine may prove to be the stepping stone to a drunkard's fate. Little by little persons go into debt; then they are apt to steal to cancel this debt. Envy is the stepping-stone to the crime of murder. Our lives are full of stepping-stones; some lead to honor, some to wealth, and some to happiness, while others lead to misery in this life, a death of sin and shame and punishment forever in the next world.

Take warning beforehand; do not step on those stones that are unsafe, but on those that will bring you to a sure and an honorable end.

J. J. F.

Art, Music and Literature.

—Prof. Charles Pau, of the Smithsonian institute, has a work upon "Early Man in Europe" in press.

—Mr. John Forster, it is now known, had only finished the first volume of the "Life of Swift," and the work will consequently remain a fragment.

—The resident Frenchmen in Philadelphia have arranged to give Offenbach a grand reception upon his arrival. A reception, banquet and ball are already announced.

—Hans Christian Andersen's books, manuscripts, and autographs of distinguished persons will be sold by auction in Copenhagen for the benefit of the Andersen Children's home.

—The manuscript of Dickens' "Battle of Life" is not included in the Foster collection, but is owned by Mme. Fillineau, a sister of the late Mr. Henry Austin, to whom it was presented by Mr. Dickens.

—The abbate Franz Liszt has just concluded another oratorio. It is entitled "Die Legende der Heiligen Cäcilia," and will shortly be published. The book is from the pen of Mme. Emile de Girardin.

—Camille Saint Saens, whose compositions are being introduced in America by Mr. Thomas, has composed a grand tragic opera, the libretto being also his own. The title is "Delilah," and the story is the betrayal of Samson.

—A manuscript copy of the Koran, copied by the Caliph Osman, the third after the prophet Mohammed, is in the imperial library at St. Petersburg. It formed a part of the library of Samareand, is 1,200 years old, and bears traces of the blood that spurted on its pages when Osman was stabbed while reading it.

—Among the exhibits of His Holiness, the Pope, at the Centennial, will be one mosaic of the Madonna, after Rafaelle, another after Sassoferata, and two vases of flowers in mosaic, all made in the Vatican workshops; also, a piece of tapestry representing St. Agnes, virgin and martyr, by Signor Gentili.

—Prof. Hartmann has just published, at Berlin, the first volume of a splendid ethnological work, entitled *Die Nigritionen* (The Nigritians). When completed it will form an almost exhaustive monograph upon the black races of Africa. The present volume is enriched with no less than 52 full-page engravings of high interest.

—Mr. W. de Morgan, of London, England, whose pottery has caught so wonderfully the old Gutebio lustre, is sending a number of specimens of his work to the Centennial. They consist of jars, plates and tiles, oramented by artistic designs, and each possessing either the gold, red, or silver lustre for which these potteries are so justly remarkable.

—The *Musikalische Wochenblatt* publishes a highly curious portrait of Chopin, from a water-color sketch made a few months before his death. The artist, dressed in pantaloons, including his feet as well as legs, and a dressing-gown, is represented kneeling rather than lying upon a sofa. The head, very expressive and very like, is supported on the left hand. The sketch bears the signature of Kwatkowski, a fellow-countryman of Chopin's.

—The late Mr. A. T. Stewart owned the finest collection of modern paintings in the possession of any individual on this continent. He bought quite recently the most important work of Meissonier, "Napoleon I After the Battle of Friedland," for which he paid \$60,000 gold in Paris. The picture was bought originally by Sir Richard Wallace, of London, who had promised Meissonier 200,000 francs for it, but the negotiation fell through, and when the picture was finished Mr. Stewart offered him a larger price. Meissonier sold it to him. Mr. Stewart also bought Meissonier's "Giving Alms" and "The Dragoons," for which he paid \$25,000 each. He bought recently Gerome's "Chariot Race in the Roman Colosseum," for which he paid \$30,000 and which he never saw finished, as it only arrived two or three days before his death. He paid the same price for Gerome's famous painting, "Police Verso." Among the other notable paintings in the Stewart collection are: Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," Auguste Bonheur's "Cattle," L. Knaus' "The Children's Party," two Andreas Achenbachs, Louis Gallant's "The Confessional," three paintings by A. Boldine, two Fournys, including the last and unfinished work of the artist, which was bought for \$16,000; a painting by Stevens, two C. Troyons, a painting by Merle, two M. Bougnereaus and works by E. Dubuffe, Baugl, E. Lesrel, Landelle, Daubigny, A. Simonetti, Iminezy Aranda, Ziem, Verboeckhoven, Meyer von Bremen, J. W. Poyer, and others. The collection also includes a number of fine American paintings, among them F. E. Church's "Niagara Falls," Huntington's "Lady Washington's Reception Day," several examples each of Bierstadt, James and William Hart, William and James H. Beard, and others. In former years the purchases for Mr. Stewart's collection were made especially from the old Dusseldorf collection, then on exhibition at Dr. Chapin's church on Broadway. Later, Mr. Stewart bought extensively at auction sales by the advice of Mr. Charles E. Butler and Judge Hilton, but his collection only began to attain anything like its present character when, four years ago, he visited Europe and took a special interest in art matters, leaving orders with the most eminent European masters and with his agent in Berlin, who procured for him many important works from the easels of German painters such as Piloty, Kaulbach, and others. Since his

return from Europe, he took great pride in his art collection, declaring his intention to make it the costliest in the country, which even now it unquestionably is. It is contained in the handsome gallery built ten years ago in the house at the corner of Fifth avenue and Thirty-fourth street, where are also Powers' "Greek Slave," Rogers' "Nydia" and other pieces of sculpture. The entire collection is estimated to be worth \$750,000.

Books and Periodicals.

—The April number of the *Catholic Record* is interesting and readable. The contents are: I, A Presidential Reformer; II, Sonnet—Raphael; III, Suora Maria Angela; IV, Mrs. Mortimer's Tongue; V, Life's Little Day; VI, The Forgiveness of Sins; VII, An Epitaph; VIII, Francis Norbert Blanchet, D. D., the Apostle of Oregon, and the First Archbishop of the Great West; IX, Light in Darkness; X, Sister Rosalie; XI, A Song of Praise; XII, Chinese Writing and Printing; XIII, Flowers of the Heart; XIV, Short Speeches and Curt Correspondence; XV, Editorial Notes; XVI, New Publications.

CANTATA CATHOLICA, Containing a Large Collection of Masses, Vespers, Litanies, Hymns, etc., for the use of Catholic Churches. By B. H. F. Hellebusch, Teacher and Organist. New York, Cincinnati and St. Louis: Benziger Bros. 1876. Pp. 304. Price —.

We are under obligations to the author for a copy of this work. The object of the work is to introduce the Gregorian Chant as far as possible in our churches, and for this purpose the eight authentic Masses of the *Graduale*, harmonized by Dr. F. Witt, have been selected. Of the shorter pieces there are 19 *O Salutaris Hostia*, 33 *Tantum Ergo*, and other hymns in proportion. The majority of these are the best that can be found; however, some few of the old favorites, which have been tickling the ears of our people for half a century, and seem to be almost a necessity in choir-books, had better have been left out. It is nevertheless an excellent collection of Church Music.

—The *Catholic World* for May plies its axe at "The Root of our Present Evils," and plies lustily. The subject is a large and inviting one to the moralizing critic. Whether or not the *Catholic World* has bared the real root, is for the reader to satisfy himself. The article is a thoughtful one, and though, as might be expected, the views enunciated are Catholic in their tone and tendency, the considerations advanced in it deserve attention from all quarters. "A French Novel" is a lighter theme, but full of interest and vivacity. The freedom claimed for Catholic writers of fiction in the future is of the largest kind, and the rating given such writers in the past, of the sharpest. "Pirkheimer" is a refreshing dip into one of the side-currents of the great Reformation. The catastrophe is at length reached in "Are You My Wife?" The end of the strange heroine is told with great power and feeling. This story will end in the June number. "Napoleon and Pius VII," is an article based on the new and very interesting "Life of Pius VII," by Miss Allies. "The Poetry of the Period" will probably attract the general attention as much as anything in the present number. The writer rates Rossetti and Morris higher than Tennyson. What will the lovers of the Laureate think of this? "The Church and Civil Liberty" holds up the Catholic Church as the champion of human liberty now and since its existence. Before it and without it, according to the writer, true liberty was unknown. "Scanderbeg" is a spirited biographical sketch of a real Christian hero. The article has a certain present interest from the fact that its subject led the last great revolt against the Turkish power, in much the same region as that wherein the struggle between Christian and Turk is now being waged. There are several other articles of greater or less interest in the present number of this magazine. But from those mentioned it is easy to see that the *Catholic World* knows thoroughly how to pass "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," and combine solidity of matter with gracefulness of touch. The literary criticisms are full of merit, and form a valuable feature of their own. The *exposé* of an unusually provoking piece of literary piracy in a so-called edition of "Faber's Hymns" was deserved.

Notre Dame Scholastic.

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Notre Dame, April 22, 1876.

Orestes A. Brownson, LL. D.

It was with feelings of profound sorrow that we read the dispatch announcing the death of Dr. Orestes A. Brownson. He died in Detroit, Mich., on the 17th of April, at the residence of his son.

Orestes Augustus Brownson was born at Stockbridge, Vt., Sept. 16, 1803, and was, to a great extent, a self-educated man. He united with the Presbyterian Church at Ballston, N. Y., in 1822, but his theological knowledge being but slight, and his mind easily confused, he became a Universalist, after a severe mental struggle, in 1825, and soon a preacher of his new creed. He entered boldly into schemes of political reform, wrote much and edited papers and periodicals in defense of his views; but he was still in a state of unrest, and, being attracted by Dr. Channing's writings, became a Unitarian pastor in 1832, and devoted himself to the study of the French and German literature, philosophy, and theology. Pushing onward, he soon landed in the socialistic views of Robert Owen, though clinging to some of his earlier religious convictions. He organized the "Society for Christian Union and Progress" in Boston in 1836, and retained the pastoral charge of it till he ceased preaching in 1843. The same year he published his "New Views of Christianity, Society, and the Church," a decided avowal of infidel doctrines. In 1838 he established *The Boston Quarterly Review*, of which he was proprietor and almost sole writer during the five years of its existence. In 1840 he published a philosophical religious treatise in the form of a novel, entitled "Charles Elwood, or the Infidel Converted." His views having changed shortly afterward, only one edition of it was published in the United States, but it passed through several editions in England. Still unable to find rest, he sought it in the Catholic Church, to which he became a convert in 1844, and since that time has remained in its communion. He edited, from 1844 to 1863, *Brownson's Quarterly Review*, in which he defended, with great ability, the doctrines of the Church. In 1874 he revived his *Review*, which he continued until 1876. He published "The Spirit-Rapper" (1854); "The Convert; or, Leaves from my Experience" (1857); "Liberalism and the Church" (1865); and two volumes of essays.

By the death of Dr. Brownson the Church has lost one of its standard defenders in America. May the example which he has set be an encouragement to the Catholic laity to devote themselves to the study of Catholic philosophy, that they may with success battle for the cause of right and justice.

Dr. Brownson died a true, a fervent Catholic, and as a proof of the sincerity of his faith we cannot do better than reproduce the farewell he published in the October number of his *Review*:

"I have recently received a letter signed 'A Catholic,' telling me that the Bishops and clergy have no confidence in me, and, when they can no longer use me, they will repudiate me, knowing that I am too independent, when brought to the test, to submit to their tyranny. The letter goes on and exhorts me to open a correspondence with Dr. Döllinger, to repudiate the Council of the Vatican, and to turn the *Review* to the defence of the 'Old-Catholics.' By so doing, it assures me I may become immensely popular, and gain for the *Review* an almost unlimited circulation; and, it might have added, belie all my convictions and the whole Catholic Faith, and damn my own soul. If suggestions such as this could ever have moved me I should never have become a Catholic. I did not seek admission into the Church for the sake of wealth, honors or popularity. If I am, as I know I am, measurably unpopular even with Catholics, I can say truly that I have never sought popularity, but have rather despised it. Yet I have received more marks of confidence from our venerable Bishops and clergy than I have deserved, more honor than I desired, and have been even more popular with Catholics than I ever expected to be. Speak of wealth! Why what could I do with it, if I had it, standing, as I do, on the brink of the grave? The generosity of Catholics, in an annuity reasonably secure, has provided for my few personal wants. She, who, for nearly half a century, was my faithful companion and my devoted wife, is, I devoutly trust, safe with the saints; my children, three out of eight, all that are left me, are able to take care of themselves, and no one depends on me but an aged sister. What do I want of wealth? What do I care for popularity which I never sought, and on which I turned my back, when not yet of age?

"I have, and I desire to have, no home out of the Catholic Church, with which I am more than satisfied, and which I love as the dearest, tenderest, and most affectionate mother. My only ambition is to live and die in her communion. I love my Catholic brethren, I love and venerate the Bishops and clergy of the Catholic Church, especially of the Church in my own country. I am deeply indebted to them, beyond any power of language of mine to express. I hope I am grateful to them, but only God can adequately reward them. To the Catholic community, both clergy and laity, whom for thirty-one years I have served as a Catholic publicist, less efficiently than I wished, I am deeply gratified for the generous support they have given, and the measure of confidence they have placed in me and my *Review*, and it is not without a pang at parting with old and dear friends, that I take my leave of them as a reviewer. But it must be; though, in some other way, I may continue to labor, as long as I am able, for the cause so dear to me and to them, and I hope that they will not forget to remember me in their prayers."

Dr. Sears and the Michigan University.

A friend has called our attention to a scurrilous article entitled "Michigan as our model University" in the *National Quarterly Review* for March, 1876. The article was written by the Editor of the *Review*, Edward I. Sears, LL.

D., and just in that style which characterizes all his writings on such subjects and under certain circumstances.

We know nothing about the truth of the charges made by Dr. Sears, for we have never visited the University of Michigan. They may be true, and they may not. Had they been made by the *North American Review*, or by anyone in whom we could place any reliance, we might believe them; but coming from Edward I. Sears, LL. D., we must say that they must have further confirmation before we can put implicit faith in their truth.

It seems that Dr. Sears visited Ann Arbor last May, almost a year ago. He allowed one year to pass before he attacks the University, giving sundry excuses for not "writing it up" before this time. He may have been induced by the reason given to delay his attack, but wasn't there one still more cogent which the authorities might possibly have obviated by taking certain precautions which those acquainted with the devoted educator will at once divine?

Dr. Sears finds fault with the regents of the University. He takes men like E. C. Walker, Esq., of Detroit, and then making it to appear that they are no better than a man of John Morrissey's stamp, he waxes indignant that the fortunes of a State University should be under the control of such men. Mentally, John Morrissey is nowhere compared to Mr. E. C. Walker; morally, he is the peer if not superior of the Editor of the *National Quarterly Review*; for with all his faults, John Morrissey would not be guilty of anything having the appearance of blackmailing. But then it might not be safe to lay a wager that the *National Review* will always retain its present expressed opinion of Ann Arbor.

Dr. Sears says that the professors of the Michigan University are not eminent for ability. He explains to us how a man may edit Latin and Greek text-books without a knowledge of these languages. We have heard that the philological attainments of Dr. Sears are not of a very superior order. We do not know if this be true. We would like, however, that he explain whether the articles on the ancient classics which appear in his *Review* are prepared in the same manner as these text-books are got up. We are not acquainted with the professors at Ann Arbor, but our ideas of them would be but little improved by learning that they excelled Dr. Sears in the very branches in the knowledge of which he so modestly prides himself.

According to Dr. Sears, the young ladies who attend the classes of the University are not famous for their beauty; and he otherwise reflects on them in a most ungentlemanly and uncalled for manner. What is said in this connection by the learned critic is so out of place that it should not be lost sight of by the directors of other institutions. A person who can boldly outrage the commonest notions of good breeding deserves to meet with a treatment becoming his conduct.

But enough of this. We leave it to the *Chronicle* to defend Ann Arbor against the *Review*, if it thinks worth while, which we would not were the attack made on us.

We noticed no advertisement of Ann Arbor in the *Review*.

—Thirty years ago there were but 551 newspapers issued in Great Britain. Of these, 14 were dailies. Now there are 1,642. Of these, England publishes 1,276; Scotland, 152; Ireland, 138; Wales, 57, and the Isles, 19. There are 98 daily newspapers in England, 10 in Scotland, 19 in Ireland, and 2 in Wales.

Personal.

—T. Finnegan, of '73, is in the grocery line, Chicago.

—E. Schuster, of '70, is in the drug business in Chicago.

—Rev. J. A. O'Connell preached in Elkhart on Easter Sunday.

—P. H. Davis, Jr., of '70, is Superintendent of the Milwaukee Omnibus Line.

—Rev. T. O'Sullivan, of '65, was visiting Notre Dame on Tuesday last.

—Jas. P. Clapham and lady, of Kalamazoo, Mich., were at the College on last Tuesday.

—Mr. J. A. Wells, of Lamont, Ill., visited Notre Dame and St. Mary's during Holy Week.

—Mrs. Wm. Hake, of Grand Rapids, Mich., spent a few days at the College the past week.

—Mr. Keegan, of Chicago, has returned home from an extensive trip through the Southern States.

—Mr. I. R. Sanford, of *Pomeroy's Democrat*, Chicago, spent several days with us at the beginning of the week.

—Judge C. M. Alward, of Niles, Mich., and Dennis E. Alward, of the *Detroit Free Press*, were at the College on Easter Sunday.

—Among the distinguished people who accompanied Dom Pedro III, Emperor of Brazil, on his visit to Chicago, was Prof. Lyons.

—Edwin Booth will appear as Hamlet in South Bend on the 8th of May. Mr. Booth's wife (Mary McVicker) received her education at St. Mary's Academy.

—J. A. Hitchler, of '73, has commenced the publication of the *Weekly Monitor* at Henryville, Ind. The *Monitor* is a very entertaining and well-edited paper and we wish the Editor every success.

—Mr. James E. Lee, of the firm of Shnedewend & Lee, the Western agents for the Campbell Printing Presses, and publishers of the *Electrotyper*, Chicago, paid the office a visit on Thursday last.

—Henry Fitzgibbon, better known as Harry, of '65, is still with P. O'Neil, opposite the Palmer House, Chicago. An A No. 1 fellow, Harry is always pleased to see his old friends. We have not learned whether he has given up the private secretaryship or not.

Local Items.

—Classes go on splendidly, so the professors say.

—Only sixty-six days before the Commencement.

—Who is it that destroys the trees around the lake?

—The monthly Conference was held on Wednesday last.

—The lectures in Phelan Hall have been well attended.

—Spot has gone for good. "O where, O where can he be?"

—The foundations of the new Sacristy were laid this past week.

—The Philodemics hold their meetings regularly every week.

—The prevailing wind is from the northwest, and it is strong.

—The plot of ground in front of Phelan Hall is to be sodded.

—The Columbian Literary Entertainment will be given in a few weeks.

—Fr. Zahm will conclude his Science Lecture Course next Wednesday.

—B. Robert doesn't intend giving up gardening, but is busy at his work.

—Juergens & Anderson, of Chicago, are the finest engravers in the West.

—Do the Juniors own the pet rabbit that now lives in the College parterre?

—Prof. Lyons didn't go to Chicago last Sunday. He ~~justicated~~ at Bertrand.

—The St. Cecilians have purchased two beautiful lamps for their Society-room.

—The six-foot gardener is putting the parterre in front of the College in trim.

—There will be a grand burlesque fencing-scene in the Philopatrians' Exhibition.

—The Juniors received on Easter Sunday a letter from Very Rev. Father Sorin.

—The Minims are indebted to Mrs. G. W. Rhodius for a handsome lot of Easter eggs.

—The Thespians are thinking about the play they will bring out at the end of the year.

—The Philopatrians have held no regular meeting lately, being busy with their rehearsals.

—How many Centennial trees have been planted? Those who intend planting should begin soon.

—The Librarian of the Lemonnier Circulating Library has purchased another collection of books.

—Some of the students set a fine eggs-ample at the breakfast table on Easter Sunday morning.

—Navigation has opened, and the members of the Boat Club are injoying themselves in social rows.

—They are preparing the cross for the old Indian burial-ground near the banks of the St. Joseph River.

—In addition to the "Prince of Portage Prairie," the Philopatrians will play "The Prince Reclaimed."

—The remainder of the new stained-glass windows will be in the new Church before Commencement Day.

—Handball is now about played out. It has no votaries. Baseball is the only game to occupy attention now.

—B. Robert has put a new fence around his garden and it looks bully. He has brought whitewash to his aid.

—The subject of the Lecture to be delivered in Phelan Hall this evening will be "The Sources of Electricity."

—We think the societies should all entertain their old members when they come here on Commencement Day.

—The sun shone brightly on Easter Sunday, but the cold northwest wind made the day raw and uncomfortable.

—The Class of Elocution has made marked progress this session, and the professor has reason to congratulate himself.

—The shore of the lake in the neighborhood of the boathouse would bear a little filling up. It is altogether too low.

—The visitors to the College on Easter Sunday numbered somewhere in the neighborhood of one thousand souls.

—Another lot of the stained-glass windows arrived from France on Saturday last and will soon be put into their places.

—The St. Cecilians are discussing what to produce at their May Entertainment. Something good will, of course, be given.

—We are pleased to see that the Botanical Garden has been entrusted to competent hands and will be kept in fine order.

—Rev. President Colovin preached a most excellent sermon at St. Patrick's Church, South Bend, on Easter Sunday evening.

—The hill to the west of the new Church is to be graded down, and the surplus earth used to fill up the low land about the lake.

—A. E. Shader & Co., of Chicago, make most beautiful badges. Students ordering them at the end of the year should remember this.

—The St. Cecilians are as busy as ever. They are very proud of their hall, which, as every one knows, is superior to that of any society here.

—The Minims and their Prefect return their sincere thanks to Mrs. G. W. Rhodius, of Indianapolis, for substantial favors received by them.

—It has been suggested that next year students in the Classical and Scientific departments wear the cap and gown,—or why not do it now?

—Rev. Fr. Walsh will lecture on "The Temporal Power of the Pope," to-morrow week, in Phelan Hall. The subject will no doubt be well treated.

—With the disappearance of the old stables the grounds will be much improved in looks. Now nothing is wanted but the removal of the old steam-house.

—They began tearing down on Tuesday last the large shed east of the SCHOLASTIC Office. The whole of that tract of land is to be put in good shape.

—On the 16th inst. a game of baseball was played between the Eurekas and the Sandburrs. The score was nineteen to thirteen in favor of the Eurekas.

—The Archconfraternities in the two departments number among their members some of the very best students. They are in a most prosperous condition.

—Fishing is all the go now. The Minims were out Wednesday morning and the Juniors in the afternoon. About seventy-five of the finny tribe were taken.

—Two fine lamps were hung in the new Church on Saturday last. There are now seven lamps in the Sanctuary, and two more are to be added to the number.

—It is proposed to build steps for the Music Hall on the outside of the building. This will be an improvement, giving as it does more room to B. Thomas and B. Bruno.

—The Minims have, so far, proved themselves the most successful fishermen of the season. On Wednesday last they in two hours caught four dozen of pretty good-sized fish.

—Many of the Minims take piano-lessons. This is as it should be. Music serves not only as a relaxation for the minds of the young but prepares solid enjoyment for years in after-life.

—The crews will soon go into training for the race in June. The only time taken by the young men for this purpose is that allotted to recreation. It is not allowed to interfere with their studies.

—The new grand altar for the Church here at Notre Dame has been completed and will be shipped in a few weeks. It will be sent to the Centennial Exposition before it is brought to Notre Dame.

—The space assigned to the SCHOLASTIC in the Pavilion of the Centennial Newspaper Exhibition is designated by Number 1706. The Exhibition opens May 10th. Our friends visiting the Centennial will know where to find us.

—In the *School Bulletin*, published in Milwaukee, Wis., we read that the superintendent of Waukesha County requests teachers "to study the principles of pronunciation in the dictionary." Can it be possible that the teachers in those schools on which the safety of our Government rests are unable to pronounce properly!

—Those who have not hitherto attended the Lectures in Phelan Hall should by all means make it a point to be present at the last two, as they will be, we are informed, of unusual interest. The subjects of the two Lectures are: "Sources of Electricity" and "The Practical Application of Electricity." The experiments will be particularly interesting.

—The Lecture on Magnetism and Electro-Magnetism delivered in Phelan Hall on the 19th by Rev. J. A. Zahm, was highly entertaining and instructive. The experiments given were many, and all entirely successful. We are sorry that this week we can no more than give this short notice of the lecture, which was one of the most delightful of the course.

—We received the full score of a game of baseball played by the Modocs and the Centennials, but according to the rule made by us last year we cannot publish it as the runs made were over twelve. The game was won on the tenth inning by the Modocs, the score being 22 to 21. Unless each club's score is less than twelve we will not publish it in full. By our adherence to this rule, better play is done by all parties.

—The burying ground of the Community at Notre Dame is being greatly beautified. A number of walks have been laid out, fresh sods have been laid down, and other work

highly creditable to the persons engaged in the pious work. The graves are well cared for, and if they are marked by the simple black cross according to rule, the flowers which loving hands have planted attest the fond remembrance in which the dead are held.

—After standing just twenty years, the old row of frame buildings back of the College is torn down. There are many ex-Minims and ex-Juniors who will remember the old recreation-halls which they formerly occupied in the building. These halls were afterwards used for various purposes, and now they are ended. A fine large house for wood and coal, and a good stable, are to be erected on the spot where the antiquated row of buildings stood.

—The Hon. James McDermott is in Brooklyn on a flying visit, and in all Bohemian circles there has been a season of festivity during the week, tempered, however, by Mac's regard for the Lenten season, now closed. Mr. McDermott has a lot of business on hand, including a tilt with Brother Bower. His main purpose in leaving Chicago at this time, however, is to be present at Mr. Muldoon's lecture on Tuesday evening next. In lecturing on the "Bohemians," Mr. Muldoon will have to travel over ground perfectly familiar to McDermott. A conspicuous place has been secured at the Academy for our distinguished visitor, who is, by the way, editing his paper in Chicago by telegraph from Brooklyn.—*Brooklyn Sunday Sun.*

—The Librarian of the Lemonnier Circulating Library takes pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of twenty-five dollars from Mrs. George Rhodius, of Indianapolis, Ind. There are two institutions at Notre Dame which we like to see assisted, the Circulating Library and the Cabinet of Natural Sciences and we join our thanks with those of the Librarian to Mrs. Rhodius. The Circulating Library was established for the use of the students, and the College authorities having given a handsome donation to start it here left it to the students themselves to keep it up, hence all donations to it are not donations to the College but to the students, who are to be congratulated on the manner in which they have conducted their library.

—Mr. I. S. Sanford, of *Pomeroy's Democrat*, while at the College consented to give an elocutionary entertainment before the various literary societies, in the Philomatheans' Hall. His selections were all choice, and from the very best of authors. His personation of the different characters was excellent, and received frequent and hearty applause. His most successful reading was "The Drunkard's Fate," of which we learn Mr. Sanford is the author. The following evening the gentleman repeated his readings before the Junior Department, and was as successful as on the previous occasion. Again he read before the Class of Elocution, and showed that he possessed not only good elocutionary powers but is blessed with a voice of superior strength, which his frequent readings in nowise impaired. Hr. Sandford made many friends during his stay at Notre Dame and they will always be pleased to have him return.

—We have received from Mr. James McDermott, now of the Brooklyn *Argus*, an announcement of a new play entitled "Tullamore," to be produced at the new Park Theatre, Brooklyn, N. J. The play was written by Mr. Thomas Henderson, and is spoken of as a very meritorious production. It is said that the drama is a reflex of some of the terrible scenes of treachery, persecution and bloodshed which cast a pall over the eventful year of 1798; a year although disastrous to the cause of Irish National Independence, will ever be remembered for its many instances of self-devotion and sacrifice upon "The Altar of the People's Liberties." The scenes in "Tullamore" are also replete with startling pictures and strong dramatic effects, and the Overture and incidental Music, comprising a choice selection of the most popular of our beautiful Irish airs have been carefully compiled and arranged by Prof. A. Hinchcliffe, of Brooklyn.

—At the coming Centennial Newspaper Exhibition at Philadelphia it has been decided to display copies of antique journals and other curiosities of newspaper literature. To this interesting collection all persons having ancient, quaint, or curious specimens are invited to contribute; and should the response be as hearty and general as we hope to find it, this gathering of time-worn publications will prove to be not only a leading trait of the Newspaper De-

partment, but also one of the salient attractions of the Exhibition as a whole. All having the ability and the will to aid on the project should transmit their consignments without delay to the Philadelphia office of the *Newspaper Exhibition*, Ledger Building, 110 South Sixth street, Philadelphia. Whilst on view, these exhibits will have attached to them labels designating by whom they are contributed, and all consistent care will be taken to preserve them from damage. After the close of the Exhibition they will be again at the service of their owners, or, in the absence of different instructions, will be transferred to some historical society or museum. During the late war there were many newspapers issued which illustrated the straits in which their publishers found themselves. Pink, blue, and yellow sheets, wrapping paper, and many other substitutes were pressed into the service. Specimens of these now possess a curious interest. The advantages to the public of such a gathering are manifest to a degree which renders elucidation unnecessary, and the opportunity to do a very useful act is placed within easy reach. A single copy of some senile broadsheet may not be of much worth to its proprietor, yet in conjunction with others it will make up a worthy collection. Many people there are who, having preserved such curiosities for years, can turn them to little or no practical account, and it is not too much to hope that the response given by such will be ready and general. Without loss to themselves, they can materially benefit visitors to the Great Centennial Exhibition and appreciably advance a patriotic movement.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

J. Brown, V. Baca, W. Breen, D. Byrnes, F. Bearss, W. Ball, F. Brady, J. Campbell, P. Cooney, F. Claffey, J. Connolly, R. Calkins, J. Cooney, T. Carroll, J. Coleman, J. Caren, F. Devoto, H. Dehner, I. Dryfoos, W. Dechant, J. Dempsey, J. Ewing, L. Evers, E. Graves, G. Gross, A. Hertzog, J. Harkin, J. Herrmann, P. Kennedy, F. Keller, J. Kreutzer, J. Krost, G. Laurans, E. S. Monohan, Peter Mattimore, Patrick Mattimore, H. Maguire, Clarke Myers, N. Mooney, R. Maas, S. Miller, J. Miller, H. Mil- len, P. McCawley, G. McNulty, L. McCollum, R. McGrath, J. McHugh, W. McGorrisk, J. McEniry, P. McCullough, M. McCue, S. McDonell, P. Neill, J. Neidhart, H. O'Brien, Carl Otto, J. O'Rourke, A. O'Brien, J. Obert, E. Pefferman, J. Perea, T. Peifer, W. Pollard, L. Proudhomme, T. Quinn, M. Regan, W. Smith, C. Saylor, G. Saylor, F. Schlink, F. Vandervannet, R. White, E. White.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

T. J. Byrnes, A. Bergck, J. Byrne, A. Burger, J. F. Carrer, J. Cavanaugh, W. Dodge, G. Donnelly, E. Davenport, F. Ewing, J. English, J. Foley, J. French, F. Flanagan, P. Frane, C. Gustine, F. X. Goldsberry, S. Goldsberry, W. Hansard, W. Hake, F. Hoffman, J. Healey, M. Halley, E. Hall, H. Faxon, C. Faxon, J. Kinney, J. Knight, M. Kauffman, M. McAuliffe, J. Mosal, D. Nelson, C. Orsinger, J. O'Meara, F. Pleins, J. Perea, J. Reynolds, A. Ryan, S. Ryan, W. Ryan, C. Roos, P. Schnurrer, G. Sugg, F. Smith, E. Smith, P. Tamble, W. Turnbull, W. Widdecombe.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

H. Hake, P. Nelson, J. O. Stanton, Lee J. Frazee, F. Carlin, R. Pleins, G. Rhodius, J. Haney, P. Haney, W. Van Pelt, J. Seeger, G. Lambin, W. Coolbaugh, H. McDonald, A. Campau, C. Bushey, C. Long, S. Bushey.

Class Honors.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1876. COMMERCIAL COURSE.

J. H. Quinn, P. McCawley, J. Coleman, E. Fishburn, C. Saylor, G. B. Saylor, P. W. Mattimore, P. J. Mattimore, F. Vandervannet, H. O'Brien, W. Wells, F. Keller, R. Calkins, L. McCollum, J. Harkin, F. Rettig, P. Flanigan, M. Cross, W. Pollard, J. Hermann, W. Fogarty, J. Neidhart, J. McEniry, P. McCullough, F. P. Brady, J. Kreutzer, E. S. White, J. Dempsey, J. Krost, T. Carroll, H. Leonard, J. Smyth, J. Peifer, H. Faxon, W. Irvine, J. Foley, M. Hoffman, G. Lonstorf, E. Pefferman, J. Hagerty.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

G. Lambin, W. Coolbaugh, W. McDevitt, W. Van Pelt, J. Seeger, W. Smith, C. Bushey, S. Bushey.

List of Excellence.

[The students mentioned in this list are those who have been the best in the classes of the course named—according to the competitions, which are held monthly.—DIRECTOR OF STUDIES.]

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

J. Caren, J. Gillen, H. Dehner, F. Devoto, H. Cassidy, J. Ewing, J. Cooney, N. Mooney, W. Breen, E. Graves, W. Ball, A. Hertzog, J. Cavanaugh, G. McNulty.

Saint Mary's Academy.

FRIEND SCHOLASTIC:—The altars on Easter Sunday were redolent with flowers. The beautiful floral cross presented by Mrs. J. Holladay was much admired and highly appreciated. . . . During the past week a great number of visitors have called at the Academy, among them the Rev. Mr. Beer, of Valparaiso, with several of his congregation. . . . Mr. I. R. Sandford, Associate Editor of *Pomeroy's Democrat*, Chicago, spent some hours at the Academy. . . . The ball given by the young ladies of the Senior Department, on the 17th, was enjoyed by all. The Graduating Class played the hostesses on the occasion. Refreshments were handed round at 10 o'clock, and then the ball ended. . . . The parlor reunions given every Wednesday evening are very interesting and improving. At the last reception the Second Seniors received the First Seniors as their guests. Music, games and conversation were enjoyed in a truly social style. . . . The next Scientific Entertainment to be given by the Rev. Father Zahm, C. S. C., is eagerly expected by all the departments. . . . Botanical excursions are now the order of the day. The sketchers from the Art Department may also be seen, artistically attired and equipped, wending their way to some of the many beautiful spots around St. Mary's, intent on portraying the landscape presented to the admiration of the beholder. . . . Good health, cheerfulness and earnest application to study indicate that all is well on the St. Joseph. Thus may it ever be, is the wish of

YOURS TRULY.

For Politeness, Neatness, Order, Amiability, Correct Deportment and Strict Observance of Rules, the following young ladies are enrolled on the

Tablet of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses A. Clarke, H. Foote, M. Riley, E. Dennehey, K. Joyce, A. St. Clair, L. Arnold, E. York, I. Reynolds, K. McNamara, L. Ritchie, A. Walsh, A. O'Connor, J. Bennet, J. Nanning, M. Faxon, F. Dilger, M. Dunbar, M. Julius, L. Johnson, M. Brady, M. Walsh, L. Kelly, E. Mann, A. Byrne, A. Duncan, S. Hole, M. Cravens, P. Gaynor, A. Dennehey, M. Spier, E. O'Neil, R. Casey, A. Henneberry, H. Julius, J. Kreigh, K. Hutchinson, M. Murray, R. Neteler, M. Dailey, B. Spencer, H. Russell, M. Thompson, E. Thompson, S. Moran, M. Gaynor, E. O'Connor, B. Siler, I. Maas, S. Edes, I. Edes, N. Tuttle, K. Casey, L. Gustine, S. Swalley, L. Moran, N. King, E. Cannon, M. Siler, G. Wells, M. Hooper, L. Fawcett, S. Cash, D. Cavenor, D. Osborn, H. Hand, M. Usselman, M. Markay, L. Schwass, A. Miller, L. Lepis, F. Gurney, C. Merrill, C. Fawcett, J. Darcy, R. Filbeck, L. Weber, A. McCormack, M. Halligan, 100 *par excellence*. Misses G. Welch, C. Morgan, L. Tighe, 100.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses A. Kirchner*, M. Hogan*, A. Cavenor*, N. Johnson*, M. Hoffman*, J. Kingsbury*, L. Walsh, A. Harris, D. Gordon, L. Merritt, B. Wilson, M. O'Connor, E. Lange, M. Mulligan, M. Brooks, A. McGrath, M. Ewing, A. Cullen, L. Hutchinson, M. Redfield, M. McGrath, J. Mitchell, N. Mann, A. Morgan, L. Faulkner, M. Schultheis, H. Dryfoos, L. White.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Mulligan*, J. Smith*, M. Feehan*, M. McCormick*, C. Trull*, E. Hughes*, A. Schnurrer*, L. Schnurrer*, A. Ewing, M. Hughes, C. Hughes, E. Simpson, R. Goldsberry, M. Lambin.

FRENCH.

1ST DIV., 1ST CLASS.—Misses F. Dilger, K. Joyce, N. McGrath, A. Harris, B. Wilson, M. and E. Thompson, G. Kreigh.

2D DIV., 1ST CLASS—Misses A. Clarke, P. Gaynor, M. Reiley, A. St. Clair, L. Arnold, H. Russell.

1ST DIV., 2D CLASS.—A. McGrath, M. Walsh, A. Walsh, J. Holliday, J. Bennett.

2D DIV., 2D CLASS.—Misses M. Brady, A. Dennehey, L. Brownbridge, M. Redfield, L. Ritchie, G. Walsh, I. Fisk.

LATIN CLASS—Misses M. Cravens, K. McNamara, H. Foote, E. York.

PLAIN SEWING—A. Clarke, E. Yorke, H. Foote, K. Joyce, L.

Ritchie, A. Walsh, J. Bennett, J. Nanning, M. Faxon, M. Dunbar, L. Johnson, A. O'Connor, F. Dilger, E. Mann, A. Byrnes, P. Gaynor, M. Walsh, M. Cravens, C. Morgan, C. Morell, M. and E. Thompson, S. Moran, S. Edes, I. Edes, E. Edes, G. Wells, C. Fawcett, S. Cash, M. Markey, F. Gurney, L. Schwass, L. Weber, S. Swalley.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

1st Class average note, 100 ; 2d Div. average, 99 to 100 ; 2d Class, 98 ; 2d Div. 98. 3d Class 95 to 98 ; classed Miss G. Welch. 2d Div. average 90 to 99. 4th Class, 88 to 99 ; 2d Div. 85 to 98. 5th Class 80 to 98 ; 2d Div. 80 to 90. 6th Class 75 to 90 ; classed Miss L. Vinson ; 2d Div. average 72 to 90. 7th Class, 70 to 95. 8th Class, 80 to 88. 9th Class, 80. Harp, Guitar, and Organ, average 75 to 100. Harmony Class average, 80 to 95.

Distinguished in class, Saturday, April 8th, in Theory—Misses M. Hughes, A. Ewing, M. Ewing, M. Mulligan, J. Mitchell, M. McGrath, M. Lambin, A. Peak.

No reports from the other classes. Therefore the one visited are named. Each class in turn have been thus visited this session ; the standing in Theory is considered of the first importance, and has a marked bearing on the Premiums given in June.

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Particular attention is paid to the religious instruction of Catholic pupils. Pupils of all denominations are received, and for the sake of order required to attend the public religious exercises with the members of the Institution.

The buildings are spacious and commodious, suited to the educational requirements of the day, and furnished with all modern improvements. Every portion of the building is heated by steam, and hot and cold baths are attached to the sleeping apartments.

The grounds are very extensive, beautifully adorned, and situated in that charming seclusion which is so favorable to the healthful development of moral, physical and intellectual power.

The proximity of the two institutions to each other is a great convenience to parents having children at both, when they visit their sons and daughters.

For further particulars concerning this Institution, the public are referred to the Twentieth Annual Catalogue of St. Mary's Academy for the year 1874-75, or address

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(Of the Class of '62)

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Has been established at 3725 Lancaster Avenue, Philadelphia, for the purpose of giving collectors of specimens of Natural History an opportunity of buying and selling minerals, fossils, shells, birds, plants, &c., &c. Nearly all the collectors in America, and many of those in Europe, will visit this city during 1876, so that this will be the best opportunity ever offered for disposing of and purchasing specimens. My store-rooms are within ten minutes' walk of the Centennial grounds, on the line of the Chestnut-street cars. I shall also have a branch within one minute's walk of the main building. I have already in stock over \$30,000 worth of specimens, including the finest specimens ever found of Amazon stone, brookite or arkansite, peroskite, nigrin, green wavellite, peganite, tellurium ores, feldspar, albite, petrified wood, smoky quartz; the birds and animals peculiar to the Rocky Mountains, &c., &c. I have spent nearly \$7,000 during the past year in the collection and purchase of specimens. *Special attention given to collections for schools and colleges.* Correspondence solicited, with those wishing to buy or sell specimens, at an early date, as an illustrated catalogue will be issued before the 1st of May. I refer to

PROF. GEO. J. BRUSH, DR. JOSEPH LEIDY,
PROF. ASA GRAY, PROF. J. S. NEWBURY.

A. E. FOOTE, M. D.,

Fellow of the A. A. A. S., Prof. Chemistry and Mineralogy.

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Springfield, St. Louis and Texas Fast Ex. via Main Line.	7 30 am	9 40 pm
Peoria Day Express.	7 50 pm	9 30 am
Chicago and Paducah Railroad Express.	7 50 pm	9 30 am
Streator, Wenona, Lacon and Washington Ex.	3 10 pm	12 00 pm
Joliet Accommodation.	9 20 am	4 30 pm
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	Leave.	Arrive.
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Peru accommodation.	5 00 p.m.	9 35 a.m.
Night Express.	10 00 p.m.	6 55 a.m.

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H. RIDDLE,
General Superintendent.

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**CONDENSED TIME TABLE.
NOVEMBER, 1875.**

TRAIN LEAVE CHICAGO DEPOT,
Cor. Canal and Madison Sts. (West Side)
On arrival of trains from North and Southwest.

3	Trains with Through Cars to NEW YORK.	No. 2.		No. 6.		No. 4.	
		Day Ex. Ex. Sund'y	Pac. Exp. Daily.	Night Ex Ex Sa & Su	Day Ex. Ex. Sund'y	Pac. Exp. Daily.	Night Ex Ex Sa & Su
Lv. CHICAGO.	9 00 a.m.	5 15 p.m.	10 00 p.m.				
Ar. FT. WAYNE.	2 25 p.m.	11 35 "	5 20 a.m.				
" Rochester.	1 18 a.m.	11 12 "	5 58 "				
" Pittsburgh.	2 20 "	12 15 p.m.	7 05 "				
Lv. Pittsburgh.	3 10 "	1 10 "	8 10 "				
Ar. Cresson.							
" Harrisburg.	12 05 p.m.	11 05 "	4 13 "				
" Baltimore.	6 25 "	3 15 a.m.	7 45 "				
" Washington.	9 10 "	6 20 "	9 07 "				
" Philadelphia.	4 15 "	3 10 "	8 05 "				
" New York.	7 35 "	6 50 "	11 15 "				
" New Haven.	11 10 "	10 49 "	3 36 p.m.				
" Hartford.	12 40 a.m.	12 23 "	5 55 "				
" Springfield.	1 35 "	1 00 p.m.	7 03 "				
" Providence.	4 25 "	3 48 "	7 40 "				
" Boston.	5 50 "	4 50 "	05 "				

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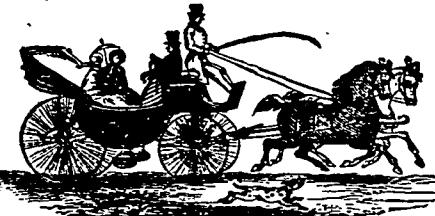
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Whilst I return my thanks to the patrons of Notre Dame and St. Mary's, I beg leave to inform the public that I have, at the urgent request of many of my patrons, purchased SEVERAL NEW CARRIAGES AND BUGGIES, and moved into the LIVERY STABLES

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jacent to the Lake Shore and
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Now, that telegraphic communication has been made between Notre Dame and my office, through the Michigan Southern Depot, I shall be prompt to have passengers in time to meet all trains. For my attention to the patrons of Notre Dame and St. Mary's, I refer, by permission, to the Superiors of both Institutions.

P. SHICKEY.

L. S. & M. S. Railway.

On and after Sunday, Nov. 21, 1875, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

2 40 a.m., Night Express, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo 10 30; Cleveland 3 p.m.; Buffalo 9 15.

10 12 a.m., Mail, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 5 35 p.m.; Cleveland 10 15.

11 55 a.m., Special New York Express, over Air Line; arrives at Toledo 5 50; Cleveland 10 10; Buffalo 4 05 a.m.

9 12 p.m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo, 2 40; Cleveland, 7 45; Buffalo, 1 10 p.m.

7 53 p.m., Toledo Express, Main Line. Arrives at Toledo, 2 30 Cleveland 10 55 a.m.; Buffalo 7 p.m.

4 40 p.m., Local Freight.

GOING WEST.

2 40 a.m., Express. Arrives at Laporte 4 15 p.m., Chicago 6 30 a.m.

5 20 a.m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 5 45; Chicago 8 20 a.m.

3 p.m., Evening Express. Arrives at Laporte 3 55; Chicago, 6 30

5 43 p.m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte 5 45; Chicago, 8 20.

8 00 a.m., Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9 a.m., Chicago 11 30 a.m.

9 10 a.m., Local Freight.

J. W. CARY, Gen'l Ticket Agt., Cleveland.

CHARLES PAINE, Gen'l Supt.

Michigan Central Railway

Time Table—November 21, 1875.

	*Mail.	*Day Express.	*Kal. Accom.	†Atlanti Express.	†Night Express
Lv. Chicago....	5 00 a.m.	9 00 a.m.	4 00 p.m.	5 15 p.m.	9 00 p.m.
" Mich. City..	7 32 "	11 01 "	6 35 "	7 43 "	11 15 "
" Niles.....	9 02 "	12 15 p.m.	8 30 "	8 55 "	12 45 "
" Jackson....	2 12 p.m.	4 05 "	7 00 a.m.	12 47 a.m.	4 55 "
Ar. Detroit.....	5 45 "	6 30 "	10 15 "	3 50 "	8 00 "
Lv. Detroit.....	7 00 a.m.	9 50 a.m.	4 00 p.m.	5 40 p.m.	9 50 "
" Jackson....	10 37 "	12 30 p.m.	7 15 "	9 25 "	12 45 a.m.
" Niles.....	3 40 p.m.	4 19 "	6 10 a.m.	2 30 a.m.	4 30 "
" Mich. City..	5 15 "	5 45 "	7 50 "	4 05 "	5 45 "
Ar. Chicago.....	7 35 "	8 00 "	10 20 "	6 30 "	8 00 "

Niles and South Bend Division.

GOING NORTH.

Lv. South Bend—8 15 a.m. 7 15 p.m. \$9 06 a.m. \$7 00 p.m.

" Notre Dame—8 22 " 7 23 " 9 07 " 7 07 "

Ar. Niles—9 00 " 8 00 " 9 40 " 7 40 "

GOING SOUTH.

Lv. Niles—6 30 a.m. 4 20 p.m. \$8 00 a.m. \$5 00 p.m.

" Notre Dame—7 07 " 4 56 " 8 32 " 5 32 "

Ar. South Bend—7 15 " 5 05 " 8 40 " 5 40 "

*Sunday excepted. †Daily. ‡Saturday and Sunday excepted.

\$Sunday only.

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